As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and cranies of the place,
The wind warres with his torch, to make him ſtaie,
And blowes the ſmoake of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe.
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he ſpies
LVCRECIAS gloue, wherein her needle ſticks,
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.
As who ſhould ſay, this gloue to wanton trickes
Is not inur'd; returne againe in haſt,
Thou ſeeſt our miſtreſſe ornaments are chaſt.

But all theſe poore forbiddings could not ſtay him,
He in the worſt ſence conſters their deniall:
The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,
He takes for accidentall things of triall.
Or as thoſe bars which ſtop the hourely diall,
VVho with a lingring ſtaie his courſe doth let,
Till euerie minute payes the howre his debt.

So